

WORKERS of the WORLD UNITE THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

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The Passing Show.

Environment may mean either heaven or hell.

"This life is such a heaven that I wish I could stay here forever."—Andrew Carnegie.

"Life has been a hell to me, and I am glad to leave it."—A suicide.

Carnegie has the power to rob thousands of workers and surround himself with heavenly conditions.

The worker who toils for a Carnegie receives only two hours' pay for ten hours' work, and hell is his portion.

Obviously, the worker who votes for this system is a fool, and he who refuses to vote against it is another.

The one-fifth part of the sum total of labor which the workers get is known in Socialist philosophy as "necessary-labor," and it comprehends every form of actual and necessary labour. The rest of the sum total is known as "surplus-value" or "surplus-labor."

Society has been divided into two classes—the upper class and the lower class. The capitalists are the upper class and the workers are the lower class. The workers carry the capitalists on their backs, and look up to them. That is why they are called the lower class.

Lloyd George's "land campaign" is proving very acceptable to the landlords. Leading Tory landlords are coming forward with schemes to abolish landlordism, but they are the wrong ones. When the people want the land they will take it.

Military training has such a good effect on the soldier that in several countries just now there are army and navy scandals through the officers accepting percentages on supplies. It seems that when a man is trained to murder a little thing like thieving doesn't bother him.

Nerves whipped the Hellespont, yet the storm did not cease. Canute commanded the tide to cease to flow, but it came steadily on. Mohammed called for the mountain to come to him, but it did not move. Cahill, the baton king, has been commanded to stop the spread of Socialism in Queensland, but his efforts have increased its hold on the mind of the worker. Cahill will soon be classed with the ancient fools.

Let the worker stand erect. Let him lift his bowed form from the earth. He has been kneeling and praying too long. It is time he demanded. It is time he proceeded to take possession of the earth for his own use.

General Villa has declared all the mines and factories public property in North Mexico. This is why the plute press is engaged in calling him a murderer and a bandit.

King George recently gave the workmen on one of his estates a shilling a week advance, and there was an immediate protest raised by other landlords whose employees demanded that they should follow the King's example. They practically charged King George with scabbing on his class.

The workers united would be the greatest power on earth. That is why Socialists keep constantly at them.

The Imperial Chancellor of Germany, says Socialists are undermining the throne. He is right. Socialists are undermining the whole capitalist system of thrones, puppets, parasites, and wage-slavery.

The workers have struggled through various phases of their development.



The Job-Hunters.

The Lady: "You really couldn't do anything with such material!"
The Boss: "I'm afraid not—though they may be handy during strike time."

Through savagery, barbarism, chattel slavery, and serfdom they have struggled, and to-day only one more obstacle stands between them and freedom. The abolition of wage-slavery will see their historic mission accomplished and the Co-operative Commonwealth established.

We could, I dare say, keep doing as we did last session, when, by means of some stratagems to which we had to resort—by means of searching the Standing Orders, and finding an application for them not usual before—we managed to keep afloat; but there is no honor or usefulness in a position like that.—Joe Cook, on the position of the Federal Liberal Government. Is "honor and usefulness" at all necessary in a capitalist government?

"He was afraid that, as 80 per cent. of the young Australians were trained in the public schools this country would be afflicted with secularism, which would develop into no God and no Master, and would destroy all peace in society."—Archbishop Kelly. The Archbishop forgets that Jesus himself said: "Call no man master."

"It is rumoured that the Russian Minister for War is about to propose a considerable increase in the army."—A press cable. A War Trust rumour, most likely.

Vice-Admiral Thurogood Matsuo has been arrested in connection with the Japanese navy scandals. He is suspected of being in the pay of the War Trust.

Farmers and citizens of Coolamou, N.S.W., have held a meeting to express indignation at the "supineness" of the police during the recent strike disturbances. The police didn't crack a single skull and the cockies are squeaking like a lot of rusty windmills.

New South Wales Government threw open 62 farms a few weeks ago and received 800 applications for them. A ballot will ensue and the "lucky winners" will have a steady job for the rest of their days paying to keep the Government bums out.

The Parliament of New South Wales is going to tackle another "Land Bill" during the present session. Will it be made easier for the land user to get land? Not on your life! No Government ever did that. Every Government likes to see hundreds of men applying for each farm, and hundreds of unemployed men running after each job. A "Labor" Go-

vernment acts the same as a "Liberal" Government in dealing with the land and the jobs.

Dr. Mjoberg, a scientist of world-wide reputation, is urging Australian governments to keep traders and missionaries away from Mornington Island, and leave the natives uncontaminated with the vices of the white men. He has spoken too late, for an emissary of the wower-cum-kanaka-cum-white-slaver government of Queensland is already on his way to the island to "Christianise" the aboriginals. The Rev. Mr. Hall will soon be followed by the rum-seller and the trader in guns and ammunition, the natives will die out, and the Christian Caucasian will collar the island.

"You have 150 awards in operation in this State to-day, and what does the housewife find? It's a halfpenny a pound more for the butcher; it's a halfpenny for the jam; and so you go on. The housewife has watched the value of her husband's wages dwindle away, and to-day she knows that he and she are 3s. a week worse off than when Labor began its rule three years since in New South Wales."—Joe Cook, expounding freak economics and tracing the rising cost of living to the rule of the Labor party.

Appel, Home Secretary for Queensland, an "old-fashioned Christian," who said recently that if he had his way Joseph McCabe would not be allowed to lecture in Brisbane on a Sunday, is, according to his own showing, a peculiar Christian and a remarkable man. He has assumed control of Jerry Jerome, the aboriginal boxer, and arranges terms for his fights with "stouch" promoters. Says Wower Appel: "We look after Jerry Jerome. We look after his banking account also. We saved more than £1200 for him during the first year we assumed control. We have allowed him a good sum for training purposes this year, and I may add, that I made the contract in which he is to fight Duborg, the Frenchman." A Sydney daily paper says: "The situation in which the big, burly, energetic Minister is placed is probably unique in the annals of constitutional government." Perhaps it is, but is not is not "constitutional government" itself unique in Queensland? No other government that we know of has a Minister for "Stouch" and "Wowerism."

Another "war scare" is raging in Europe. What armament firm wants to give a filip to its business?—The

"Australian Worker." Perhaps the same firm that scared the Labor party into ordering some battleships.

"Labor-Leader Fisher's propaganda tour, which commenced last Monday, will entail nearly 5000 miles of travelling."—"The Australian Worker." There must be an election near. No Labor-Leader ever does propaganda work unless he wants to catch votes.

"Social unrest was one of the surest signs of progress. He did not mean disturbance, but there was divine discontent which indicated that people are always striving for something better."—Labor-Leader Andrew Fisher. "Disturbance" is disgraceful. It wakes the sleepy politician up and makes him roar for the police.

"It was the duty of the State to see that every man who was willing to apply his labor should have the opportunity of doing so."—Labor-Leader Andrew Fisher, out after votes.

Joe Cook repudiates the suggestion that his government should continue in office "doing nothing and doing it well." It is an insult to him to suggest such a thing—after nine months of it.

The Sydney "Daily Telegraph" has engaged a new editor in London. It evidently had no faith in its own "Wanted" columns as an advertising medium, or was it that the "foreign capitalists" insisted on having a reliable man here as scaremonger?

Probably the people who resent the running of Sunday trains can get to the resorts on any day during the week."—Mr. Hoyle, New South Wales Minister for Railways. Just so. Most of 'em only work (the collection plate) on Sundays.

"The Liberals will be needing the women again very soon, and needing them very badly."—Joe Cook. We would like to see Joe surrounded by a number of British suffragettes.

New South Wales Minister for Works, Arthur Griffith, is said to have commenced breeding fox-terriers. From fox-politics to fox-terriers.

A skeleton has been found in German East Africa which scientists believe to be 150,000 years old. New South Wales Government, however, still allows the scholars in the public schools to be taught that the first man and woman were made out of dust about 6000 years ago. Its education system is 6000 years behind the times.

In a debate in the British House of Commons on the navy estimates, a member attacked the international ring of armament firms. He accused the ring of organising war scares, and declared that it was run by British capital. The Labor party here should make a note of this, as Laborites have had their leg pulled by the same ring. It scares them with the Japanese bogey, though this paper has always endeavored to remove their fears with facts.

H. M. Hyndman, the veteran English Socialist, is engaged to be married again. He is 72, and his fiancée is many years younger. Evidently, Hyndman doesn't believe that his "fighting days" are nearly over.

The recent railway accident at Exeter, N.S.W., should set people who preach nationalisation thinking. The railways are nationalised but have to be run to produce interest for the pawn-brokers, and, as in all profit-making concerns, expenses are cut to the lowest possible point. At Exeter the loop-line was too short to accommodate the train and so the smash occurred. The expenditure of a few pounds would have served to lengthen the loop, but the Railway Commissioners have to lay very short loops and run very long trains to satisfy the demands of the money-lenders.

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Write on paper not larger than letter-paper, and thin enough to avoid getting us fined for over-weight.

Mark the package "Press Matter Only," and address it "To the Editor."

Write briefly and clearly, as long and undecipherable articles stand no chance of publication.

Do not send business communications to the Editor, or literary matter to the Manager. To do so only causes confusion and delay.

If your article is not published, do not conclude that it is because it is of no merit, for it may be simply owing to the fact that it is not in accordance with the above rules. Where possible, articles of importance should be type-written.

We do not believe it is the function of ghosts to make laws for the living. While we respect ancestral wisdom, we do not propose to substitute it for the evidence of our senses. — Bainbridge Colby.

Naval Expansion.

THE WAR TRUST AND ITS DUPES.

The new naval estimates of Britain show how the War Trust is thriving. They provide for an expenditure of £51,550,000 as compared with £48,809,300 last year. The increase is made up as follows: Pay and victualling for a larger number of officers and men, £450,000; need of more fuel as a result of increased horse-power of the ships, £400,000; development of air service, £300,000; guns, torpedoes, and ammunition, £800,000; increased earnings by contractors, £750,000. Provision has been made for 5000 additional men for the ships under construction and the new programme includes four battleships, four light cruisers, twelve destroyers, and a number of submarines. It is further explained that the estimates are over-burdened by arrears of ship-building which must soon be overtaken.

The warships under construction at the end of last month comprised thirteen battleships, one battle-cruiser, sixteen light cruisers, thirty destroyers and twenty-four submarines.

This continuous warship building would soon result in all British ports being filled with war trust ironmongery and the exclusion of all other kinds of shipping, in which case there would be no more orders for the trust. A brilliant idea has, however, been developed by war trust statesmen which keeps the trust going. A number of ships are condemned each year to make room for the new ones, and the statesmen, bishops, archdeacons, and newspaper men in the trust are able to draw their annual dividends with regularity and certainty year in and year out.

To make room for the new ships that have been built during the last decade the Admiralty reports that there have been condemned and destroyed 123 warships, which cost £26,417,000. The nation was told that these vessels were obsolete and had to give place to more modern ships, but the real reason is that these ships had to be destroyed to make way for others or the War Trust would be out of a job and its shareholders short of dividends.

Both Liberal and Tory politicians urge increased activity in shipbuilding because both have shares in the Trust. When the Liberals are in power, as they now are, the Tories on the opposition benches get up a mighty clamor about the need for more warships. When the Tories are in power, the Liberals do the

"The Naked Savage."

(From the "Socialist Standard.")

Hard and monotonous toil, sordid and dirty surroundings, poor and adulterated food, shoddy, slop-made clothing, jerry-built houses or tenement slum-dwellings, dull and colourless environment, close association with penury and hard-fisted "thrift," miserliness unmannerly, uncomely companionship, endless worry and turmoil about petty things—such is the lot of the bulk of the workers within the capitalist system of society.

And what should be their lot? Do they not deserve more? To the workers in the past society owes all that it has. All the comforts and joys of modern civilization are the result of the energy and toil of the worker past and present. It is the worker who makes possible the comforts of the idler, the pleasures of the rich. It is the worker who, with brain-directed hand, fashions the tool, the machine, and the finished food product. He it is who erects the palace for the king and the slum-hovel for himself; who toils in the drab factory, sinks the mine shaft and cajoles mother earth to part with her treasures. The worker it is who in laboratory and office wrestles with the problems of how and why. It is, in short, the wage-slave of to-day who directs and controls all the operations of the actual work of producing and distributing wealth.

The most gigantic task is not too great for organised labor. Labor spans rivers and crosses seas; captures the wind and the lightning for her purposes, and has harnessed the torrent and the stream.

For long ages man has struggled with nature for mastery—at first ignorantly superstitious, stumbling along with but a blind understanding. But one by one the secrets of nature have been learnt and mastered.

In the infancy of the human race primitive man dwelt in forests or caves, depending for subsistence upon wild roots, nuts, and berries. Naked and shivering; without either the means for, or the knowledge of the art of, producing fire; without the means of communication with his fellows, surrounded by unknown dangers, he began to think and invent.

Discovery followed discovery until to-day it is seen that man in his struggle with nature for a livelihood has triumphed and his subsistence is secure.

Frightened by the fire from the heavens, primitive man worships it, and then controls it, using his god to cook his dinner. The enemy of man—the larger beast of prey—has been conquered and exterminated. Other animals have been tamed and domesticated. Beginning with the stick and the unpolished stone, man has gradually added to his store of

shouting, and the Government graciously accedes to the demand for more battleships. So the game goes on and the War Trust shareholders thrive. It is a transparent fraud, so simple that it is remarkable that people otherwise sane cannot see through it. The extent to which the War Trust shareholders dominate British, and even overseas dominion, politics may be seen in the boldness of their claims and the effrontery with which they put them forward and cable them to all parts of the world. As an instance of such effrontery consider a cable which appeared in the Sydney press of March 13, which said:

"Unionists regard the drop from five to four battleships as conflicting with the First Lord's pledges in 1913, because such a course does not provide for the expansion necessary to the protection of the Empire."

Anyone with a glimmer of sense can see that between the lines of this cable there lurks a demand for increased orders for the War Trust, with, as a result, increased dividends for its Christian shareholders.

The "expansion necessary to the protection of the empire" means in reality the "expansion necessary" to the upkeep of the War Trust sharks and parasites. With aeroplanes and "F"-rays, battleships cannot hold their own, and are hence no "protection." They are a good mark and a soft one for a single man in a flying machine armed with bombs. They are also powerless against Ulvi's invention, which is capable of exploding a battleship magazine from a safe distance.

The Tories know all this. They are not fools, but they know that their victims and dupes are. They know also that the Empire's press in these parts will do nothing to expose them when they send their cables along.

implements and tools. He sharpened the stone to an axe-head, and fixed it to a shaft. The discovery of the bow and arrow and the working of soft metals, followed by the knowledge of smelting, gave the rising race enormous power. Iron tools gave man the ship; the iron ploughshare pushed forward agriculture, and gave rise to architecture and art.

The invention of writing, permitting ideas to be passed down, discoveries to be recorded, and a wider communication between man and man, was responsible for enormous progress, and finally the discovery of a mechanical motive power capable of turning the wheel and wielding the hammer gave the means of producing wealth in abundance with very little exertion on the part of the descendant of the naked savage.

The descendant of the naked savage—who is he? With all our advancement, all our marvellous powers and possibilities we have still the naked savage with us. We have worse. The powers of wealth production are lying idle and in the midst of plenty the people are starving and naked. The modern worker not only hungers, but he hammers with succulent dainties all around him, and sees his children wither amid a plethora of good things—good food, good clothing, and good houses of his making, but denied to him and his though they perish of want and exposure.

Like Tantalus of the fable, the modern worker stands up to his chin in good things which elude his lips the moment he attempts to enjoy them, and all around him grows the fruit of his labor that he is not allowed to touch.

How foolish and absurd it is! How would our savage ancestor stare. Starvation he understood; he knew, also, what it was to be cold. But to lie down hungry beside a good dinner would be a proceeding entirely beyond his comprehension, and only to be ascribed to witchcraft and devils.

And perhaps he would not be far wrong. The working class are certainly bewitched. With the brain and muscle to produce wealth they stand idly by and allow the masters to take what they have produced. Not only so—they cringingly beg for a share and wait meekly upon the idler's pleasure. They give him their daughters to enjoy, and take up arms to defend him against his enemy—themselves.

Astonished indeed would the savage be, for he would see winged chariots manufactured by the workers and driven by them, yet used solely for the pleasure of the drones. He would see those who work the hardest rewarded with the worst accommodation, and the laziest loafer with crowds of busy men and women waiting upon him. And he would wonder, as the Socialist wonders, and wait for the toiler to end the farce—or shall we say tragedy?—by awaking from his trance.

The awakening seems long deferred, but awaken he must. Entranced as he is by the conception of private property, events will eventually force him to see how utterly foolish he is, and how easily imposed upon.

When the awakening comes there will be nothing in the way of the toiler's enjoyment. Relieved of the vast amount of unnecessary labor that the idlers compel him to perform, freed from the restrictions that capitalism places in the way, no longer compelled to ask: "Will it profit my master?" the worker will go on doing that which will add to the comfort and pleasure of the community and sweep away poverty, misery, vice, crime and all the evils that arise, directly and indirectly, from the private ownership by a class of the means by which the people obtain their livelihood.

TWEL

More mischief has probably been wrought by honest fools in high places than by intelligent rascals. Once your shrewd rogue has attained the height of his ambition, and has no longer any selfish end to further he may, and often does, turn his talents, his experience, his resources, to public service. Many men who have been least scrupulous in the acquisition of power have been most beneficent in the use of it, whether the power they aimed at and won was that of wealth, political authority, or what not. In the field of politics the wily intriguer, the ruthless victor, may end by being a wise, magnanimous ruler, blessed in his lifetime, lamented at his death, admired and applauded by posterity. . . . But once a fool always a fool (in some cases), and the greater the power in his hands the more disastrous is likely to be the use he makes of it.—J. G. Fraser, in the "Golden Bough."

When you have finished with this paper, pass it on to a friend

Police v. Free Speech.

Persecution of Chidley.

In spite of Eileen Bawn's vigorous attack on Chidley, I for one, remain unconvinced that we ought to applaud the police method of dealing with him. To me their methods seem to savour of tyranny and a readiness to interfere with free speech.

Whatever Chidley is he should get a fair hearing and fair play. He has had neither, but has been treated as a Socialist, an outlaw, or a person unfit to enjoy any human rights.

A week or two ago Chidley's home was raided by the police; his book "The Answer," was seized, as were also his private papers and other belongings. A few days previously he had been prevented from speaking in a hall which he had paid for. Some time before that he had been arrested and placed in a lunatic asylum for no particular reason, and let out again with as little explanation.

If Chidley is mad—and there is no proof that he is—why did the asylum authorities refuse to keep him? Some of the doctors seem ready enough to certify that he is mad because he sells "The Answer," and some of the police magistrates are only too ready to fine or jail him for the same reason. But do we find the same doctors, magistrates, and police hounding those who sell the Bible, which is a far more smutty book than "The Answer"? No; the Bible is backed up by the whole crowd who are at present prosecuting Chidley, and is allowed to be read even by school children. Are they any saner than Chidley? Are they fit to heave moral blue-metal at him? Let me commend the following from the "Bulletin" (26/2/14) for the perusal of readers of the "International." It should make them pause before they join in the hue and cry of those who have been bitten in infancy by Wowserism:—

He molests no one, insults no one, and neither drinks, swears nor spits. Certainly his book is plain-spoken—nearly as plain-spoken, in parts, as the Bible. On the other hand, it is wholly lacking in suggestiveness. The mind which would be capable of extracting anything of prurient interest from Chidley's volume would draw corruption from Webster's Dictionary; or one of the Botanical Garden statues; or a volume of Hogarth's drawings. In fact, such a mind would be so tainted as to be not worth shielding from infection. To talk of the moral peril of Chidley's writings and discourses when the works of Hubert Whales and Elinor Glynn are permitted on the bookstalls, and the gags of musical comedy and pantomime artists are permitted on the stage, is sheer blither. Chidley's costume is no more indecent than that of any Anglican Archbishop, Bishop or Archdeacon; and it is cooler than the garb of any of these divines, and by so much the more rational, when the weather we are having just now is taken into consideration. His philosophy doesn't appeal to the writer; but neither on the other hand does Buddhism, Shintoism, Free-trade, or the doctrines of the Plymouth Rock brethren, the No Breakfast enthusiasts, or the folk who believe that Bacon was Shakespeare and that Joseph Cook is Marie Corelli. Scorn on the part of the police authorities and so on in regard to any given philosophy or creed or superstition is not an indication that the author is a dangerous madman. It simply signifies that the doctrine, or whatever it is, has not yet reached the intellectual dregs of the populace. The people who were to blame for the crucifixion of the greatest of all philosophers were mostly police officials and lunacy experts. This paper has no wish to canonise Chidley. It doesn't admire either his legs or his feet. All it claims on his behalf is that he is harmless—more harmless than those who, unlike him, drink strong wines and in their resulting frenzy assault total strangers, and make sinful and hiccuppy advances to unknown females; more harmless than persons who lose their substance on the turf and embezzle the substance of their employers to make up the deficiency; and far more harmless than Orange clerics, sweating employers, fomenters of meat-strikes, and so forth. There are a thousand directions in which the police force of Sydney may profitably exhaust any spare time and energy the members chance to possess. Let Chidley be given a rest. New South Wales is in danger of making a martyr of him."

J.M.

Every new subscriber you get for "The International Socialist" is a blow struck at Capitalism.

The Daily Paper Levy.

As one who has been expelled from the V.R.U., for refusing to pay a levy £1 towards the establishment of a labor paper, I would ask the privilege of space for the enclosed. I sent it to the V.R.U., organ, but they declined to publish. I enclose the par taken from that same organ on which I based my letter. I might tell you that a ballot of the members was taken and out of a membership of ten thousand about four thousand voted on it, somewhere about three thousand in favor and the rest against and informal. And yet the council claimed that a majority were in favor, and struck the levy with the alternative of expulsion from the Union for all time of those who do not pay.

K. K.

TO THE EDITOR "THE RAILWAYS UNION GAZETTE."

Sir.—On opening the "Gazette" for the month of January, I was very much surprised at some of the articles appearing therein, but it was with astonishment not unmixed with amusement that I read the pars appearing under the heading of "Here and There," and while not wishing to waste my time or your space, I would like, with your permission, to deal with one par, that appears under the above heading. It is the one that pleads for an undivided hand over the humble quid of every member of the Union.

As I read the first sentence, which states that the levy is being paid in an enthusiastic manner, I can only place my tongue in my cheek and think of that old saw, "the wish is father to the thought." However, I know that many unsophisticated members are anteing up, and I sincerely hope they will be gratified by the early appearance of that great class-conscious journal that is still in the keeping of a few out-of-work politicians.

Still, to come to the point, I read, "We have previously pointed out in these columns the backwardness of Victoria in working for the establishment of such an invaluable fighting and educational force as is a daily press. Sir, may I here point out to your contributor that we suffer these things because the worker is not class conscious, and at this stage I would tender my sympathy to Mr. Here and There, and wish him a speedy recovery from that state of backwardness which he, in common with the majority, suffers, that is, he also lacks class-consciousness, as is proven by his next few words, "run in the interests of the people, and not a certain section." There! lucidity. He wants a fighting organ, and this organ is to be in the interests of the people, and not a section; then who on earth is he going to fight for? I would ask him did he ever know of a single paper run in the interests of the people? Are the "Age" and "Argus" run in the interests of the people? Are the great Labor and Socialist journals of Germany, France, and Italy, and the lesser ones of England, run in the interests of the people? No, they represent the bitter class struggle that is being waged in the arena of Capitalism, of which we had an example before us only a few days ago, when the citizen forces of South Africa had machine guns trained on the workers at every point of vantage, and were willing to shoot down men, women, and children at the bidding of a class, the owning class. What piffle to talk about a paper to represent the people, the robber and the robbed. I think a paper of that sort would quickly share the fate of the young lady in the nursery jingle:

"There was a young lady of Niger

Who went for a ride on a tiger.

They came back from that ride with the lady inside,

And a smile on the face of the tiger."

And to proceed, how unfortunate poor Mr. Here and There is in his analogy. Surely he must live in sleepy hollow, or perhaps he only reads the "Gazette" and the time-tables. In his next outburst he writes: "Why, even Tasmania commonly known as sleepy Tasmania, has its Labor daily (the Lord protect us from our friends) shedding the light upon the dark and seamy side of Fat and all his works, with the result that Tasmania is forging ahead democratically." Sir, after reading the above my task is almost too funny. However, I will proceed to explain to you the sort of paper that is shaping the Labor movement in Tasmania, the paper that is hurling its wisdom to the workers, that is shaking the economic foundations of that island to such an extent that the workers contemplate bundling the whole tribe of parasites out of the land and producing for use of all instead of the profit of a few. Did it do this? Listen, Mr. Here and There: two papers are

published in Hobart, the "Mercury," one of the most conservative rags in the wide world, and the "Daily Post," a Labor paper, controlled by the Labor members of Parliament, with the chairman of that body acting as managing director. In an enterprise of that sort was Labor in clover? good wages, good conditions? No! the wicked printers of Hobart struck for better pay, in fact for the same rate that ruled in Sydney and Melbourne. Did the "Daily Post" people set an example and pay the rate struck for? No! but it was discovered that the "Mercury" people and the "Daily Post" people are members of the Employers' Federation, and both refused the demands of the men.

Now listen, Mr. Here and There, while the two papers could make a show of fighting each other on the political field, and could keep the two sections of workers at each other's throats by the old cry of "Codlin's the friend, not Short," they were deadly enemies, but when poor little Labor Oliver Twist asked for more, Fat "Mercury" and Fat "Daily Post" fell on each other's neck and swore they would never, never, give in. Now comes the sequel: Fat Conservative "Mercury" gets scab labor to work in its shop, and Fat "Daily Post" goes to the "Mercury" office and also gets its paper printed by scab labor (Tweedledee and Tweedledum). Do you doubt this, Mr. Wideawake Here and There? If so, ask the Tasmanian Trades and Labor Council why they passed the following resolution on January 3, 1914:

"That this meeting protests against the action of the 'Daily Post' in getting its paper printed at the 'Mercury' office by scab labor."

Now, I would like to tell Mr. Here and There that it's not any trivial matter of the legality of the levy; it's not mental obliquity of vision (a disease he seems to suffer from); it's not that the progressive (?) march has pushed us out, but some of us want to know what this new paper is going to advocate; is it to be a class-conscious organ, out to fight and end capitalism by organizing the workers on the industrial field and educating them in such a manner that they will be able to see through all such shams as Wages Boards, Arbitration Courts, and all the other paraphernalia that are only brought into being to hoodwink the worker and make fat jobs for a lot of legal loafers and hangers-on of the two political parties? Is it going to oppose militarism, that great evil, that drains the blood of nations, for no useful purpose, that is only in existence to pay fat dividends to profitmongers, such as parsons, politicians, philanthropists, etc., that creates more fat jobs for sons of the upper class, besides bringing into existence one of the most disgusting castes, I mean the army officer, a man who is always ready to bring the trained soldier out and command him to murder his own kind, "the working class" in the interests of the officer's own kind, the "owning class." And how ready the trained soldier is to murder is only too apparent. England, America, South Africa, tell the tale. Men and women shot down in cold blood. The boy conscript of today will be the soldier of to-morrow. In a few closing words I would ask, is the paper, when it appears, out to smash this system, whereby men, women and children are slaves of a class, driven for profit, exploited until physical wrecks, then scrapped to allow a younger and more vigorous generation to go through the same process? Is it going to help to bring in the era of production for use, and damn rent, profit, and interest? These are some of the things that some of us want to know. Who can tell us? Nobody seems to know.

This proposition of give us the quids, we will sugar the plum, isn't good enough. Some of us want to know is it really a plum and not some nasty pill. No, Mr. Here and There, it's not good enough. Wake up, you fell asleep at the 1900 milestone and have been sleeping ever since. A younger generation is on the march. If you are not able to keep step with them, why try to hinder them with crude old traps such as political parties belaboring each other with wooden swords, who fall into line and back up fat as soon as the new army appears. To conclude, don't write any more such twaddle, "so many people are readers now that they smile at your ignorance." And may we each be blessed with a broader and still broader outlook. Dear Mr. Here and There, I remain, more in sorrow than in anger,

Yours fraternally,

K. K.

Melbourne.

Come shoulder to shoulder ere earth grows older!
The Cause spreads over land and sea;
Now the world shaketh, and fear awaketh,
And joy at last for thee and me.—Wm. Morris.

On Board the "Australia."

Australia's First Battleship.

(By "Dominicus").

The big iron grey mass of steel lay off Farm Cove, and I watched the smoke pouring lazily from her funnels. It seemed like a well-gorged member of the master-class, whose interests it was there to protect—this fat, monstrous thing squatting on the placid bosom of the water. This was the monster which was to scare away the ghosts, goblins and cacodaemons of Japanese invasion, German onslaught by Zeppelin airship, the Yellow Peril, and all such nightmares generally.

The poor, enslaved toiler of Sydney would now lay down his head securely on a cushion of Botany, or Erskineville, the tea-room girl slaving for 17s 6d a week in the great restaurants and emporiums of the city would feel her virtue safe, and the poor, painted harlot parading Elizabeth-street would fear no more the inordinate lust of the ravishing Japanese invader—because Australia had a battleship forsooth. I stepped into a motor launch and went out to see the monster. The very first thing that struck me as I stepped on board was that the decks were made of wood, and very splintery, inflammable wood at that. Why was wood used on the decks of a battleship, when our modern capitalists were using ferro-concrete or composition in their tall office buildings? Could it be that the contractors did not give a damn about the fighting capacity of the ship, but had simply turned out a cheap job? I looked around at the huge turrets with the great guns protruding from them. Monstrous tubes of steel they were, fifty feet long, and firing a shell weighing half a ton. These were the material signs of what 1900 years of Christianity had done for poor suffering humanity. But there was something more significant than the giant guns. For I found placed in sheltered positions on the deck eight maxim guns, sighted up to 3,000 yards, mounted on tripods, portable and ready to be taken ashore at a moment's notice. For what purpose were they there? They were useless as part of the ship's armament. They could not defend it either against the attack of similar vessels or of torpedo craft. No! They were there to be turned against the workers during some industrial upheaval.

In between decks were the bunks in which the men were herded together. This place resembled the steerage on the very worst class of oversea steamers. The men's clothes were bundled up and stacked in shelves above the open bunks and near-by were tables at which they were fed. I enquired about the food and learned that the fare consisted of three wretched meals a day. The food was bad and totally inadequate for men obliged to do the hard work that had to be done on board. The men had to scrounge for the food, and were lucky to get a cracked saucer or something of the kind to eat it on. The vast majority of those on board were Englishmen (mere boys some of them), whose physique was by no means imposing. The young Australian, living in a country where (owing to its comparatively backward development), the capitalist system has not yet had time to develop all its harsher effects, loathes the slavery of the navy and the insolence of its petty pimps, so he keeps out of it. Hunger and unemployment will no doubt, later prove good recruiting sergeants. Suffice it to say that I believe that many of the Australia's crew are ripe for Socialist propaganda. They have been brought face to face with the hard facts of the military system, and when they understand it their own manhood will prompt them to revolt. Indeed, some of them did desert in Brisbane a short while ago, but were hauled back.

I went down into the bowels of the monster and saw the engines, which are made to hurl along this great ship of 19,200 tons, at a speed of 28 knots an hour. I stood in front of rows of blazing furnaces and everything I touched was grimy and thick with coal dust. Men stood in front of the furnaces and shovelled in coal, from time to time; for even at anchor they were obliged to maintain a fair head of steam. What it would be like at sea, with the great engines throbbing with their full force, I could only imagine; but even as I stood there the perspiration poured from me. On some ships capitalism has seen fit to introduce oil fuel and discharge numbers of stokers, but although the Australia's engines were fitted for occasional oil burning, her stokers were still obliged

to do the back-breaking toil of coal firing.

So this was the great ship, which was to uphold the interests of Australian capitalism against foreign rivals and the working-class at home. But was it really of any service against those foreign capitalists? If it was true that Signor Ulvi had discovered and sold to the Italian Government an instrument, by means of which rays could be emitted, which would explode the magazines of a battleship miles away, then of what use were all these cannon, and of what use were those boxes of ammunition that I had seen piled on the decks? Was it not a fact that the great shipbuilding firms were foisting their ironmongery on all the governments of the world, and that in the engineering journals they were advertising their "dreadnoughts," or "doughnuts," or whatever else they might call them, just as the common shopkeeper advertised his goods for sale? This ship, the Australia, had been built in Britain, and dire hints had been made of the Japanese menace from which she was to guard us. At the time of her launching she represented the very last word in murder-machine making; but was it not true that immediately afterwards Vickers, Sons and Maxim, of Barrow-in-Furness, England, had built the battle-cruiser Kongo for the Japanese Government, and while the Australia was armed with 12-inch guns, the Kongo was armed with 15-inch guns of far higher power? How long were the workers to be fooled and humbugged with all this talk of patriotism and foreign invasion?

I went away from that great slaughter-ship, and as her bulk loomed huge and grey across the waters, it seemed to me that she was a portent, a material menace, of all the hidden horrors that the expanding capitalist system held in store for the working-class of this young country. Young man, do you want to join the navy? Go and scab on your fellow-workers; go and live on the proceeds of your sister's shame in the parlours of Woolloomooloo or Balmain; be a bludger, a pimp, or a Pinkerton, before you become a uniformed assassin, a machine of murder to be operated at the command of the master-class. Young man, are you in the navy? Have you been gulled, bluffed or starved into it? Well, then, we Socialists are not here to make your "life on the ocean wave" any easier one. We are here to abolish your battleships, your armies, your navies, your machines of murder of all kinds, and with them the system which enables man to exploit man, which enables a privileged class owning the wealth of the world to enslave the toilers and set them at each other's throats in the interests of capitalist loot and plunder. We want not merely to abolish war—we want to abolish the systematic looting of the workers of the world by an organised gang of bloodsuckers and pirates whose livery you wear.

WOMEN AND THE SOCIALIST PARTY.

AN APPEAL.

(By J. R. Wilson).

Why should women workers join the Australasian Socialist Party?

This is a question, which of late has been frequently asked, both by males and females, by unattached women Socialists, and by those whose general idea of women is, that "her place is at home."

Let me remind those good people that Socialism, is not the name of a political party, but a term applied to a certain state of society.

It is not a measure to be placed on the statute-book in bits (as our Labor representatives would have us believe), but an economic development.

It is not a movement exclusively for the bettering of the conditions of the working man, but a transformation of society—which transformation will mean the abolition of all classes, and must be the work of the working-class itself, both male and female.

Under capitalism, woman is compelled to sell her labor-power, just the same as man, and as her livelihood depends upon the sale of same, she therefore occupies the same position as that of the bulk of the male portion of the community.

In other words, she is a wage-slave, and because of this ought to be with those who are fighting for the abolition of such slavery, and the establishment of Socialism.

This is the principal reason why women should join the Socialist party—Socialism is their only hope, and for Socialism should be their only fight.

To-day throughout Australia thousands of women are sweated and bled for the satisfaction of a certain class of wo-

Topical Tattle.

What a pity it is that some Equine Plimsoll does not arise. His name would be worthy of immortality; for undoubtedly many unfortunate horses are overloaded.

Perhaps if it were the "common" women of Britain who committed the damage and wanton acts of destruction which the suffragettes are doing, they would have been squelched long ago. But the suffs are not "common," hence they do almost as they please.

A huge labor combine is being formed in England. This is a move in the right direction; an army doesn't win a battle when split into units.

It will be a good act accomplished when new, and stringent rules are drafted for the running of Uncle Three Ball's business. The law is too kind to him as matters stand.

A new church was opened at Lindfield last week. More energy and money running to waste. Still, the Lindfield parish should provide many parishioners who can pay well for their theological medicine; and Jehovah's spiritual doctor should be able to make a crust out of his patients.

Isn't it time the practice of drawing a corpse—with the more or less lengthy procession of vehicles behind it—through our busy streets was abolished? And, anyhow, the spectacle is not a cheerful one at any time.

"Granny" published some extraordinary figures last week in support of an agitation that the Squibbals should be the party in office. We failed to decipher them—even after borrowing a pair of Liberal spectacles.

Mr. Carmichael said "he would rather have 100 strikes than 100 men shot down in a civil commotion." Reverse this statement, and you have Pat's idea of the matter.

The "Herald" says that "cases have been cited where, after a road has been remade at great expense, a single bullock-driver in an afternoon has done hundreds of pounds' worth of damage." It fails to mention anything about the damage done to roads by the chain-shod, steel-studded wheels of Mr. Motor Hogg's 35-h.p. motor car.

If ever an Australian Government finds it necessary to do some deporting, let us hope that the deportees will be some of our St. Petersburg guides; and the first port of call for the ship, Hades.

Thus the "Herald": "Many of the most serious struggles to make ends meet are being experienced by men and women with large families or heavy obligations who are on the border lines of £300, £400, and £500 per annum." Let us add: And most bitter trials to exist are being made by folk with large—and small—families, plus heavy obligations, on 45s, 48s, 50s, and 60s per week.

The barque Daniel, bound for the Clarence River, took five days to go 18 miles stern first towards Melbourne. Now, Daniel must be the name of the Liberal's policy, for it progresses backwards.

Prime Joey is having a ten days' holiday to get his muscle up for the coming strenuous Federal session. Let us hope that after the session Joey will get a ten years' holiday from the electors.

When a person's married, he's badly off; but worse when he's single. With the weight of life's troubles divided between two, one carried twice the load when he carries it alone.

One of the Government's army aeroplanes broke its neck last week. The only sad thing about the mishap is that a few of the war scarens didn't break their spinal ropes with it.

—F.M.

men who live by satisfaction of the greed of the capitalist. And right here, be it noted, the number of sweated women in capitalist industry continues to increase, until to-day the state of Victoria boasts a higher percentage of female slaves than any other State in the entire world, 54 per cent. of the labor employed in the sweat-shop hells of Victoria being female labor, whilst it may also be added, there is more child labor employed in the State of Victoria than in any other State in the Commonwealth despite the fact that there are more children in the State of New South Wales than in any other State in Australia.

Woman under capitalism is not what the poets so glibly tell us. She is a poor, sweated, wage-slave.

Empty Churches.

Dr. Kelly has been orating, and laying foundation stones. If the venerable and reverend gentleman would try to lay the ghosts of superstition and intolerance, we might have something to thank him for. The doctor says that all non-Catholic churches are empty and that his own churches are too small, and that they have to build more. That should be very gratifying to his grace; I think he should leave well alone. It seems to me that what with the clergy, and the doctors, there will be no place presently for poor sinners to live in but hospitals and churches. It is quite wonderful the amount of worldly dress that is required by the disciples of the meek and lowly Nazarene to pilot us poor sinners into the next world, and then we are not sure of a front seat. Why is this? Why is it that thousands of pounds are required to build churches for people to pray in, while thousands of people (like the babe of Bethlehem) have nowhere to lay their head? I would not presume to preach the Scriptures to Dr. Kelly, but we are told in holy writ, to lay not up treasures on earth, that it is easier for a camel to enter the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven (and how the churches love a rich man!) Feed my lambs, feed my sheep, said Christ. Give me your money, say, the priests and the parsons, and I will build you a church on the time-payment system. You will have the pleasure of paying off the debt for twenty or thirty years; but then you are doing it for God. Did Christ rebuke the money changers in the temple? It seems that I have heard something of the kind. Christ must have been old-fashioned, he did not seem to want money; he gave away what he had. Sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, was another foolish remark that Christ made. He deserved to be crucified; he had no respect for gold, or those who possessed it. He did not promise salvation on the time-payment system.

After two thousand years of what we term religion, the religion of Christ, we are still worshipping graven images. It seems that we must have something to worship. In all parts of the world they have different gods; but in Australia we have only one, gold—bright, glittering gold, the god of the priest, the parson, the politician. Only the people are not allowed to approach this omnipotent god. They have to allow the middleman to act for them; and he makes his own terms with God. And now, what have the churches done for us? What are the priests and parsons doing? They are helping the gold-bugs to crush the life out of the people. Some of us would like to worship God in the bright sunshine, with music and flowers and sweet fresh air, instead of in a stuffy church, that very often smells like a vault.

The parsons and priests say it is desecration on the name of God, that these pharisees pretend to worship. Where does the desecration come in? These people believe that God made the world, the sun, moon and stars; yet they tell us we may not enjoy the works of God. Is this blasphemy, or is it simply chicanery? Is the object to get people to build churches so that priests and parsons may live? If they believe in the Scriptures, let them work by the sweat of their brow. Did Christ build churches? He went out into the highways and by-ways, he lifted up the meek and lowly; he did everything that priests and parsons do not do. Dr. Kelly says there is no peace, because we have a system of secular education. We have not much to thank our politicians for; but the Education Act is one small mercy. Dr. Kelly and his brethren of the cloth will have to realise that the churches are doomed. Old superstitions die hard; this is an age of rationalism. The churches must go, and the priests and parsons with them; the world will be much better, morally and physically, when that time comes. **DIAGENES.**

Her maternal instincts are suppressed; her nature is cramped, her mind is warped, her lot is the lot of a slave from birth to death.

Without hesitation, we appeal to the women of our class to join us, to shun the calls and traps of the capitalist profit-mongers, to remember that Socialism is the only system of society under which they can hope to stand on an equal footing with man, because it is the only system of society under which equality of sex will obtain.

Women, try to realise your class position in society, then join us, and help to swell the ever-growing army of wage-slaves, who have realised that they have nothing to lose but their chains, and a world to win.

A.S.P. News & Notes.

AUSTRALASIAN SOCIALIST PARTY.

Objective.—The social ownership with Democratic control of the means of Production, Distribution and Exchange.

General Secretary: J. W. ROCHE.

Headquarters: 115 Goulburn St., Sydney.

LUKE JONES, Act. Gen. Sec.

ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL.

The Administrative Council will meet at Headquarters on Saturday, March 28, at 3 p.m. All delegates are requested to attend as there is important business connected with the paper to discuss.

LUKE JONES, Acting General Sec.

Unity Conference.

The third meeting of the Unity Conference was held at Queen's Hall, Sydney, on March 19. Delegates present were, from S.L.P., J. O. Moroney, H. Ostler, and A. Edwards; from A.S.P., W. R. Winspear and Luke Jones. L. Klausen occupied the chair.

Reports were considered. The S.L.P. delegates reported that the resolution in favor of Unity on the basis recommended by Conference had been adopted by their Party with about 4 dissentients. As regards the second proposition, dealing with the name, their interpretation of the business done at the previous meeting was that a vote should first be taken by each Party as to whether their members would consent to submit the question of the name to a block vote, and the A.S.P. delegates seemed to agree with them. Consequently, the S.L.P. had submitted this question to their members.

The A.S.P. delegates reported that the Secretary had submitted all resolutions so far carried by Conference to their branches, and that all the resolutions had been adopted by their Party practically unanimously, the only exception being the Broken Hill branch, where a small minority voted against the proposals. Returns from Port Pirie and West Australia were not yet to hand, but could not alter the result.

As regards the press reports, the A.S.P. delegates reported that they were still negotiating with the I. S. Club, and therefore, could not give a detailed report at this stage. The S.L.P. delegates informed the Conference that under the circumstances they thought it advisable to defer the presentation of a report they had drawn up for the time being.

Edwards then moved and Winspear seconded, "That a Committee of 10 members, 5 from each organisation Executive, meet together to discuss details of press, to be presented at a date to be fixed."

The resolution was carried unanimously. The Conference then adjourned till a date to be fixed by the secretaries.

BROKEN HILL.

The Barrier Labor Federation is at present carrying on one of its spasmodic crusades against the non-unionist, which type has been besieging the Trades Hall for the last week or so, in a scramble, shove and push, hasty zeal to become respectable—which latter mostly consists in paying dues and signing the Labor party's pledge—of love, honor, and obey your boss, Willie Holman and Co., and the Labor press.

The Labor pledge is a handy weapon in Broken Hill; for it keeps the Socialists out of holding office in the various organisations. For the past (the distant past) has shown that Socialist Committee's delegates, etc., have been a source of inconvenience to paid-hangers on, secretaries, etc., and the mining companies in particular, the shareholders of which are laughing contentedly over, last year, one million six hundred odd thousand pounds served out to them in dividends. And their laugh is a "deep red laugh," red with the lives of 31 slaves who perished at different intervals during the last year, crushed to death by falling ground, or shattered to pieces by premature explosions. And even these are better off, perhaps, than many of the 1100 who were not killed outright, but condemned to live with sightless eyes, twisted spines, broken backs, and amputated limbs. But this does not worry the Broken Hill worker, he has got used to looking upon the mangled and broken, and has just given his masters a signed agreement to make profit for him under the same conditions for the next eighteen months.

Bob Semple (of the New Zealand Federation of Labor) has been here, talking straight and eloquent, making a fine impression. He delivered the goods to an audience of many thousands congregated in the Central Park on Sunday last. Some of the earnest craft-unionists threaten to discard their old shell of arbitration and political quackery in exchange for industrial unionism.

Ordinary general meeting held on Sunday, March 1, resolved to endorse and accept the recommendations of the unity conference in the merging of the two parties into one organisation known as the United Socialist party of Australia.

Wallace, Peterson and Wood were elected as a committee to arrange for celebration of the Paris commune.

The following lectures have been arranged: March 8, "Pre-historic Man," C. Cunningham; March 15, "War, What for?" Mrs. A. R. Wallace; March 22, "The Paris Commune," Mrs. A. R. Wallace; Mar. 29, "Marx, his life and doctrine," H. Spence, Wood. Besides which, on each of the evenings named, there will be outdoor meetings conducted at the corner of Sulphide and Argent-streets, between 7 and 8 o'clock.

H. SPENCER-WOOD.

Paris Commune Celebration.

The Anniversary of the Paris Commune was celebrated at the rooms of the International Socialist Club, Sydney, on Wednesday, March 18. Comrade Dierks occupied the chair, and the I. S. Liedertafel rendered selections appropriate to the occasion.

Addresses were delivered by Comrades Jones, Dierks, and Brice, after which the proceedings were concluded with a dance.

PRESS AND MAINTENANCE FUND.

Previously acknowledged £81 1s. 1d.
Collected at Club Social, 8s. 8d.
Total, £81 9s. 9d.

BRISBANE FREE SPEECH FUND.

Previously acknowledged, £74 1s. 2d.
Received: A. L. Roberts, per L. Jones, £1; M. Rudolph, 15s. 4d.; Broken Hill branch, 12s.; Collection per R. S. Ross, Melbourne, £1 12s. 6d.—Total, £78 1s.

SUNDAY FREEDOM ASSOCIATION.

The above Association met on Friday evening, March 20, at Challis House, Sydney, and completed arrangements for a Demonstration in the Domain on Sunday, March 29.

TO SMART YOUNG MEN. We have vacancies for any number of smart and brainy young men in the ranks of the militant Socialism. Those desiring to qualify for oratorical positions should communicate with the Secretary of the nearest branch.

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